

THE LAST DAYS OF COPERNICUS.

"Before Copernicus had finished the perusal of this letter, he fell back voiceless and powerless into the arms of his faithful servant, and it was some moments before he rallied. When he again looked up, the horseman, who had been charged to escort him back, asked him how soon he would wish to set out.

"I must set out directly," replied the old man, in a resigned tone; "but not for Nuremberg or for Culm; the suffering workmen at Frauenberg are ex-

him on his throne."

Persecution followed Copernicus even in the grave. The court of Rome replied to his dedication by condemning his book; but the book was the instrument of his revenge by enlightening the court of Rome herself, which at last recognised, although too late, the faith and the genius of the astronomer of Wernica, Prussia, with the ingratitude of a conqueror, has converted the observatory of Copernicus into a prison, and is now allowing his dwelling house to crumble into ruins. But Poland, his native land, has collected some of her last *oboles*, to raise a monument to his memory at Cracow, and to erect a statue of him at Warsaw. This statue is from the hand of the great sculptor, Thorwaldsen.

"Tycho Brahe, has preserved us a drawing of this instrument. It is difficult for us to conceive how a triangle supplied, in the hands of this great man, the place of those infallible telescopes which have confirmed his discoveries,

Fuseli, the painter, had a great dislike to common place observations. After sitting perfectly silent for a long time, in his own room, during the "bald disjointed chat" of some idle callers-in, who were gabbling with one another about the weather and other topics of an interesting nature, he suddenly exclaimed, "We had pork for dinner, to day!" "Dear! Mr. Fuseli, what an odd remark!" "Why, it is as good as anything you have been saying for the last hour."

Anecdotes of Artists.

was this all. The internal or bureau appointment was given by Mr. Ewing to his personal friends, in nine cases out of ten to persons odious to his party. Again—and the gravest charge of all—was the fact that between Mr. E. and Mr. Sewer existed a peculiar collusion, looking to the use of official influence in controlling the sentiment of our organized and unorganized Territories, which if carried into effect, would have deprived the people of an equal or proportionate share of representation there hereafter."

The morning after their return, as they were gailing—raising their prey close to Cuvier's window—for they were now quite tame, and accustomed to be pounced on and was bearing him off, when Cuvier fired at him with a fowling-piece, which was luckily at hand. The bird fell into the garden mortally wounded. One of the hawk's talons had deeply entered his side, and a grain or two of shot had grazed his breast, and brought him one wing.

The young man dressed the wound, and all possible tenderness was used, with the assistance of a ladder and tender assistance, while the poor hen fluttered and round his nest, uttering the most piercing cries of distress. During the late, uttering the most piercing cries of distress. During the

PRAYER.

"Go, when the morning shines,
Go, when the noon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night:
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray."

Editor from India. A cargo of 3,700 bales of cotton has lately been landed at Liverpool & Bombay.

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